



THE COWBOYS' FOURTH

When especial things were going to happen—as, for instance, just before that set piece of a basket of flowers or another of intertwined hearts.

Red fire blazed there on the pasture and turned the whole landscape to a ruddy glow. They saw faces at the window and were themselves observed. They leaped into the air and whooped joyously, and when the fire died out they started more rockets toward the smith.

When the last rocket had exploded in midair and they had watched the last fire balloon sail away beyond the late rising moon the four celebrators stamped out any sparks that might remain in the grass, knocked down the wooden framework they had brought for the set pieces and tossed it away and sought their horses.

They rode sedately to the piazza of the old Clark house and found the windows brilliantly lighted.

Mrs. Clark met them at the front door with a welcoming smile.

"That was a lovely celebration, boys!" she cried heartily, and as she noted their heads craned toward the interior of the house she understood all at once the meaning of the whole thing and was immediately sympathetic.

"Come right in, do! The children made ice cream today, and you must have some. Tell me how you happened to think of the celebration."

"It was a blaring serenade for Miss Paige," said Pink, still peering around for a glimpse of the schoolma'am.

"That is too bad," cried Mrs. Clark.

"She would have enjoyed it so much!"

"Would have?" Pink's color deepened. "I take it the schoolma'am wasn't to home?"

"No. Isn't it a pity? We were sitting on the piazza when Mr. Clyde came up and said he had to go over to Cold Creek tonight to see about a horse which had broken a leg. He invited Daisy to ride along with him and see the moon rise over Cold Creek. They should be home before long. It is too bad they missed it."

"It was too bad, ma'am," said Pink courteously. "No, thank you; we won't stop. We just came in to ask how Mr. Clark's old man is getting along?"

"Better—much better—thank you. Won't you stay until they come home? You can amuse yourself with the phonograph. We have a lot of new records," urged Mrs. Clark, sorry for their disappointment and knowing they were to suffer a keener one before long.

They met their disappointment sooner than she expected. They had galloped away from the Clark place in silence eloquent of their disgust. All the time and money and enthusiasm they had expended upon the celebration had been wasted upon Mrs. Clark and the children.

Suddenly a horse and rider came into view and were silhouetted against the horizon. It was not one horse, but

"After it's over we'll all ride over and tell her we hoped she enjoyed it."

"That sounds easy. You going to let Squibs in on this?" asked Phillips. "Nix on Squibs! Let him look out for himself," retorted Pink earnestly, for there was a hot rivalry among the cowboys for the love of the pretty schoolteacher at Three Forks. Daisy Paige was her name, and her admirers unanimously agreed that her first name was most appropriate.

When Bob Clyde came up from Arizona to act as foreman on the Big Q ranch the boys immediately dubbed him "Squibs" because he was in disposition entirely opposite to the sharp, explosive character the word indicated. Slow of speech and action, he was resolute in carrying out his plans and would brook no insubordination from his inferiors. That he was kind of heart and fair and square in every way the cowboys knew, but they resented with childish vanity the obvious fact that Miss Paige had overlooked their more spectacular attractions and seemed to prefer the quiet, good looking foreman.

Under these circumstances Pink Deering felt entirely justified in not confiding his plans to Squibs, as he good naturedly permitted them to call him.

"After we turn these critters over to Plinters and his chaps we can tear over to the Forks and buy up all the fireworks that are fit to burn," suggested Mathews, and the others agreed to this plan.

At twilight the next day the four cowboys rode over to the Clark ranch. Each one carried a big bundle tied behind his saddle, and other long packages were carried in their arms.

"I reckon this will be about right," said Pink as he halted his horse some 300 yards from the house.

Their stopping place was in the middle of a level pasture that Clark used for his pet horses. The animals were either all in use or had been stabled, and there was nothing in the pasture save the group of cowboys and the ponies they had picketed outside the barbed wire fence where they had entered.

"I reckon that's the schoolma'am's window," commented Mathews, pointing toward a lighted window in the dark bulk of the house.

"That's how I calculate. I bribed the Clark kid to tell me, so I ain't taking any chances on giving a free entertainment for anybody but Miss Paige."

"Suppose Squibs is there making a call?"

Pink laughed heartily. "Squibs had a urgent message to come at once to the west side of Cold Creek, where one of our horses had broke a leg. So he went pounding off just before we did."

"What horse was it?" asked Phillips innocently.

"It happened long before you ever came to the Big Q," retorted Pink. "The note never said when it happened."

His companions roared with delight over the joke he had put up on the unsuspecting Squibs.

"It's ten miles over to Cold Creek," chuckled Pink.

"And it's ten miles back," added Ferd.

"Miss Paige will be all complimented by the time he gets back."

"It's kind of a blaring serenade, eh?"

"Sure thing. Where's those roman candles?"

Moving quietly around the dim pasture, the four celebrators made their preparations for the display. The first bomb that would announce to Miss Paige that something was going on outside was to be fired at 9 o'clock, and when everything was in readiness the four sat down and smoked until Pink Deering replaced his watch and announced that the hour had come.

The light still shone in the upper window that little Sam Clark had announced was the teacher's.

After the screaming hiss of the first bomb had ended in a shattering explosion of sound the light in that window went out, and the celebrators were jubilant over the success of their plans.

"She's got her blue eyes glued on this here exhibition, all right," chuckled Pink Deering as he touched off the first skyrocket.

"Swish-h-h-h!" it went up and broke into a shower of balls that burst into many colored flowers.

"Whoop-ee!" yelled the cowboys excitedly.

It was a gorgeous celebration. Pin-wheels whirled and whirled in dashing confusion of fire; bombs exploded occasionally just to let Miss Paige know

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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PINK DEERING threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and roared his sharp chin in one hand. His black eyes roved from the mass of horned cattle moving slowly ahead and turned to his three companions.

"Tomorrow's the glorious Fourth," he drawled.

"That's so. Guess I'll go over to Three Forks and fire some caps off," responded Mathews.

"What's the matter with the whole crowd going over there tomorrow night and showing them peaceful citizens how to celebrate their country's birthday?" Ferd Lathrop was the speaker, and outwardly he was as reckless a desperado as ever was pictured on the lurid cover of a nickel weekly. Actually he was a mild and inoffensive wage earner and excellent



MISS PAIGE, THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

cattle herder. "Let's shoot up the town!" he suggested bloodthirstily.

"Let's!" mimicked the fourth cowboy.

"Let's don't do anything so slow. I got a better plan," murmured Pink.

"You all know the schoolma'am?"

The three others laughed ruefully. "I guess we know the schoolma'am," Pink remarked Phillips ironically.

"I know her so well that she'll feel free to give me a piece of advice."

"What was it?" demanded Pink swiftly.

"I suggested that Squibs was wearing a plain trail across country to her door."

"Oh, Lordy!" yelled Mathews. "You never put your foot into it that way?"

"Plumb in!"

"What advice did she pass over?"

"It won't bear repeating—not to the ears of mockers," Phillips sighed gustily and wiped an imaginary tear from his handsome eye.

"That won't prevent our carrying out our plan," said Pink Deering.

"Let's hear the plan now you're satisfied that we know the schoolma'am."

"It's this way. You know she was going back home to Ohio the day after school closed, but the Clark persuaded her to stay over until after the Fourth and see what a regular Montana celebration can be. So she stayed, but this very morning Clark told his father had a stroke or something and he rushed off, and of course the celebration at Clark's is all off."

"Well, ain't likely Mrs. Clark will invite us to come over and fire off the rockets when there's sickness in the family?" observed Ferd.

"She don't have to. Listen. It's my idea to lay in a supply of the finest kind of fireworks and then ride over to Clark's and fire 'em off on the pasture right opposite the schoolma'am's window. Then, all for nothing, she can witness what a Montana celebration is like, and she'll understand it to be a delicate compliment to her. It will be her celebration." Pink waxed enthusiastic over his plan.

"How will she know it was us that did it?" demanded Mathews.

The Boys of 1776 and the Boys of 1913

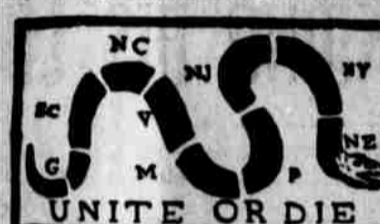


Photos by American Press Association.

REVOLUTIONARY CARTOON.

Rattlesnake in Sections Showed Necessity of Uniting.

Though the actual conflict caused by England's effort to tax the colonies began at Boston, the troubles of that city during the turbulent months preceding the Revolution had the sympathy of the residents of all the colonies.



CARTOON PRINTED IN 1774.

Mass meetings were held everywhere, and in serious action of the mother country was denounced.

Many of the newspapers in the colonies printed crude cuts showing a rattlesnake cut in sections and bearing the legend, "Join or Die" or "Unite or Die."

Some of these cartoons were made by Paul Revere, who was a jeweler and engraver in Boston.

It was this suggestive use of the rattlesnake during the excitement about the stamp act which led to the adoption of the snake as a design on the earlier flags used by the colonial troops.

"And Thomas Jefferson still survives."

Jefferson did survive, but only for a few hours. He, too, had been desirous of living for the semicentennial anniversary of the nation. But he was so ill and fragile that it was not expected he would hold so long. The morning of the Fourth of July, 1826, came at last, however, and with a satisfied look upon his face the author of the Declaration soon passed away.

Neither Adams nor Jefferson knew of the death of the other on the same day, for communication was slow then.

Five years after the death of Adams and Jefferson another ex-president, James Monroe, passed away on the Fourth of July. He was a resident of New York, and, like Jefferson, was almost in subject poverty at the time of his death. He had been living the life of a recluse, humiliated both by financial embarrassments and the misfortunes of his family. He died on the Fourth of July, 1831.

Sketch of Major Andre, Made by Himself On Morning of Day He Was Hanged as Spy.

Major John Andre, the British emissary who conducted the negotiations with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point and was captured and hanged as a spy, was a talented artist. The accompanying sketch was made by the young officer in the jail of Tappan, near Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., on the morning he was executed. The original is preserved at Yale college.

The varied costumes of a mass of dames and gentlemen gave the wide balcony the appearance of a bower garden, and the sparkling eyes, red cheeks and smiling lips of the young ladies made the scene a most enchanting one. Little beauties in diamonds and lace rode by in rich chariots, accompanied by portly old fellows with enormous ruffs. The horses were the cream of our Virginia racers. After being led up and down through the crowd they were stripped, saddled and mounted. The drum tapped, and off they shot like meteors. When the race was won by a horse bearing our new national colors—red, white and blue—in honor of the occasion being Independence day, I thought the people would go wild with enthusiasm."

Dr. Frank H. Wade of Pittsburgh quotes from a letter written by his maternal grandfather, dated Richmond, July 5, 1790:

"The variegated costumes of a mass of dames and gentlemen gave the wide balcony the appearance of a bower garden, and the sparkling eyes, red cheeks and smiling lips of the young ladies made the scene a most enchanting one. Little beauties in diamonds and lace rode by in rich chariots, accompanied by portly old fellows with enormous ruffs. The horses were the cream of our Virginia racers. After being led up and down through the crowd they were stripped, saddled and mounted. The drum tapped, and off they shot like meteors. When the race was won by a horse bearing our new national colors—red, white and blue—in honor of the occasion being Independence day, I thought the people would go wild with enthusiasm."

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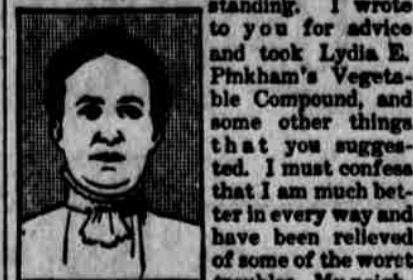
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COMPLICATION OF WOMAN'S ILLS

Yields to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Athens, Texas.—"I had a complication of diseases, some of them of long standing. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and some other things that you suggested. I must confess that I am much better in every way and have been relieved of some of the worst troubles. My neighbors say I look younger now than I did fifteen years ago."—Mrs. SARAH R. WHITLEY, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 92.



We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 50 years.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of them state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultants) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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Saving By Mail

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The 100 per cent safety that results from our plan of lending on first mortgages and the 4 per cent interest that we pay.

The Railway Mail Service and Rural Free Delivery bring these benefits to your door.

The mails are safe.

The personal attention of one of our officers is given to all letters.

All business confidential.

You can save with us by mail safely and easily.

4% OLD HOME

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified executor of the estate of

MARTHA J. CORE

late of Knox County, Ohio, deceased, by the Probate Court of said county June 21, 1913.

JOHN R. CESSNA, Executor, Bladensburg, Ohio.

Robert Edison has sufficiently recovered to appear again in the cast of "Fins Feathers."

THE GRAND MARCHAL OF THE DOLLS' Fourth of July Parade.

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